
Title: Captain's Log 4

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Later that evening...

The weather is much of what I'd expect given our location, which at last report, had us somewhere in the vicinity of the Western Coast of Oclo. Winds continue to hold, seas are relatively calm. My head aches with a dull throb. I'm hitting the rack early. EXO
Kirkpatrick has night watch.

A full day past,
midafternoon...

Something has gone terribly wrong. I was thrown from my rack in the wee hours of yesterday morning by a violent jolting of the ship. When I arrived on deck the helmsman was nowhere to be found, and only Kirkpatrick was fighting against a ripping current like none I've seen in all my years at sea. Kirkpatrick is a fine officer but not worth a damn as a sailor. I am told Kirkpatrick was making rounds when he returned to the ship, wildly off course. If I had not seen it with my own eyes I would not believe it...some kind of vortex....a swirling current with the Ararat loss to its embrace. It wasn't shortly thereafter I was thrown to the deck...what little I

can remember, as seems
to be the case with most
of the crew is sketchy
at best.

The Ararat, while
structurally intact is not
fit for sailing. Her hull
has been breached and
her sails torn. Debris
litters all decks. If I
didn't know any better I
would say we were on
the bottom of the Sea
itself. One step off the
Ararat's deck and you
find yourself up to the
boot cuff in sand...yet I
can move and act as if I
were standing on
Britannia's shores...even
the sea creatures appear
to move effortlessly
around us. Our crew has
sustained casualties, albeit
a minimal loss. All
officers are present and
accounted for with 72
able bodied souls on
board. I am leading a
search party after I and
the crew have rested and
fed. I can see no sun nor
the moons from where we
are...